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The management of our business, we aim first at the

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The Weather is Very Hot! But we are making it much warmer

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Children's Slippers for only 25c, sold for One lot lady's vests for 15 worth 40c.

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Has been replenished, every piece of

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AXLE GREASE.

2 Boxes for 5 cents.

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GEO. YEAKEL & CO., BRANDENBURG, KY.



By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

We have spoken of Pearl's rich and inxuriant beauty; a beauty that shone | naughty merriment was likewise reflectwith deep and vivid tints; a bright com- ed in the mirror with so much breadth plexion, eyes possessing intensity both of and intensity of effect that it made Hesdepth and glow, and hair already of a ter Prynne feel as if it could not be the deep, glossy brown, and which in after years would be nearly akin to black. There was fire in her and throughout her; she seemed the unpremeditated offshoot of a passionate moment. Her mother, in contriving the child's garb, had allowed the gorgeous tendencies of her imagination their full play, arraying her in a crimson velvet tunic of a pecultar cut, abundantly embroidered with fantasies and flourishes of gold thread. So much strength of coloring, which must have given a wan and pallid aspect to cheeks of a fainter bloom, was admirably adapted to Pearl's beauty, and made her the very brightest little jet of flame that ever danced upon the earth.

But it was a remarkable attribute of this garb, and, indeed, of the child's whole appearance, that it irresistibly and inevitably reminded the beholder of the token which Hester Prynne was doomed to wear upon her bosom. It was the scarlet letter in another form; the scarlet letter endowed with life! The mother herself-as if the red ig- | ernor that this great lump of vegetable nominy were so deeply scorehed into ber brain that all ber conceptions assumed its form-had carefully wrought out the similatude; lavishing many hours of morbid ingenuity to create an analogy between the object of her affection and the emblem of her guilt and torture. But in truth Pearl was the one as well as the other, and only in consequence of that identity had Hester contrived so perfectly to represent the scarlet letter in her appearance.

As the two wayfarers came within the precincts of the town the children of the Puritans looked up from their play, or what passed for play with those somber little urchins, and spake gravely one

"Behold, verily, there is the woman of the scarlet letter; and of a truth, moreover, there is the likeness of the scarlet letter running along by her side. Come, therefore, and let us fling mud at

But Pearl, who was a dauntless child, after frowning, stamping her foot and shaking her little hand with a variety of threatening gestures, suddenly made a rush at the knot of her enemies and put them all to flight. She resembled, in her fierce pursuit of them, an infant pestilence-the scarlet fever or some such half fledged angel of judgmentwhose mission was to punish the sins of the rising generation. She screamed and shouted, too, with a terrific volume of sound, which doubtless caused the hearts of the fugitives to quake within them. The victory accomplished, Pearl returned quietly to her mother and looked up smiling into her face.

Without further adventure they reached the dwelling of Governor Belngham. This was a large wooden house. specimens still extant in the streets of our older towns: now moss grown, erumbling to decay, and melancholy at heart with the many sorrowful or joyful occurrences, remembered or forgotten. that have happened and passed away within their dusky chambers. Then, however, there was the freshness of the passing year on its exterior, and the cheerfulness. gleaming forth from the sunny windows, of a human habitation into which death had never entered. * * *

They approached the door, which was of an arched form and flanked on each S for only 49 sold for \$1.00 side by a narrow tower or projection of the edifice, in both of which were lattice the edifice, in both of which were lattice windows, with wooden shutters to close over them at need. Lifting the irou hammer that hung at the portal. Hester " " 1.48 " " 2.25 Pryune gave a summons, which was answered by one of the governor's bond servants, a free born Englishman, but now a seven years' slave. During that term he was to be the property of his master, and as much a commodity of bargain and sale as an ox, or joint stool. The serf wore the blue coat, which was the customary garb of serving men of that period and long before in the old bereditary halls of England.

"Is the worshipful Governor Bellingham within?" inquired Hester.

"Yes, for sooth," replied the bond serv Clothing Department ant, staring with wide open eyes at the scarlet letter, which, being a newcomer in the country, he had never before seen. "Yea, his honorable worship is within. But he hath a godly minister or two with him, and likewise a leech. Ye may not see his worship now.'

"Nevertheless, I will enter," answered Hester Pryme, and the bond servant, perhaps judging from the decision of her air and the glittering symbol in her bosom that she was a great lady in the

hand, offered no opposition." So the mother and little Pearl were admitted into the hall of entrance. With many variations suggested by the nature of his building materials, diversity of climate and a different mode of social life, Governor Bellingham had planned his new habitation after the weidences

of gentlemen of fair estate in his office hand. Here, then, was a wide and reasonably beforehall extending through the whole depth of the house and fortaing a medianu of general communication, more

ernor Hollingham whispered. This is the seif sum chibi of whom we have or less directly, with all the other apartheld speech together, and beheld here the unhappy woman, Hester Prynne, her At about the center of the oak panels "Sayest thou so?" cried the governor. 'Nay, we might have judged that such a child's mother must needs be a scarlet

that lined the hall was suspended a suit of mail, not like the pictures an ances tral relic-but of the most modern date for it had been manufactured by a skillful armorer in London the same year in which Governor Bellingham came over to New England. There was a steel headpiece, a cuirass, a gorget and greaves, with a pair of gauntlets and a sword hanging beneath, all, and especially the helmet and breastplate, so highly bur-nished as to glow with white radiance and scatter an illumination everywhere about upon the floor. This bright pane ply was not meant for more idle show, but had been worn by the governor on many a soleran muster and training field, and had glittered, moreover, at the head of a regiment is the Poquod war. For, though brod a lawyer and accustom

to speak of Bacon, Coke, Noye and Finch

as his professional associates, the exi-

gencies of this new country had traus-

the scarlet letter, "there bath been much question concerning thee of late. The point bath been weightily discussed whether we, that are of authority and influence, do well discharge our consciences by trusting an immortal soul. such as there is in youder child, to the guidance of one who hath stumbled and falled and the pitfalls of this world. Speak, thou, the child's own mother! Were it not, thinkest thou, for thy little formed Governor Bellingham into a sol-dier as well as a statesman and ruler. Little Pearl, who was as greatly pleased with the gleaming armor as she had been with the glittering frontistices one's temporal and eternal welfare that she be taken out of thy charge, and clad soberly, and disciplined strictly, and in-structed in the truths of boaxen and

ly, though growing more pale, "this seemed absolutely hidden behind it. badge bath taught me-it daily teaches Pearl pointed upward also, at a similar me-it is teaching me at this momentpicture in the headpiece, smiling at her lessons whereof my child may be the mother with the chish intelligence that wiser and better, albeit they can profit was so familiar an expression on her nothing to myself."

"We will judge warily," said Bellingam. "and look well what we are about to do. Good Master Wilson, I pray you examine this Pearl-since that is her name-and see whether she hath had image of her own child, but of an imp such Christian nurture as befits a child who was seeking to mold itself into of her age."

small physiognomy. That look of

"Come along, Pearl," said she, draw-

Pearl accordingly ran to the bow win-

looked along the vista of a garden walk

bordered with some rude and immature

attempt at shrubbery. But the proprie-

quished as hopeless the effort to perpet-

nate on this side of the Atlantic, in a

hard soil and amid the close struggle for

subsistence, the native English taste for

ornamental gardening. Cabbages grew

in plain sight, and a pumpkin vine,

rooted at some distance, had run across

the intervening space and deposited one

of its gigantic products directly beneath

the hall window, as if to warn the gov

gold was as rich an ornament as New

There were a few rosebushes, how

ever, and a number of apple trees, prob-

ably the descendants of those planted by

the Reverend Mr. Blackstone, the first

settler of the peninsula: that half myth-

ological personage who rides through

our early annals seated on the back of a

Pearl, seeing the rosebushes, began to

cry for a red rose and would not be

"Hush, child, hush!" said her mother

earnestly. "Do not chy, dear little Pearl!

I hear voices in the garden. The gov-

ernor is coming, and gentlemen along

In fact, adown the vista of the garden

avenue a number of persons were seen approaching toward the house.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ELF CHILD AND THE MINISTER.

ind easy cap—such as elderly gentiemen

loved to endue themselves with in their

domestic privacy-walked foremost and

appeared to be showing off his estate

and expatiating on his projected im-

was hardly in keeping with the appli

may remember as having taken a brief

and reluctant part in the scene of Hester

Prynne's disgrace, and in close com-paniouship with him old Roger Chil-

lingworth, a person of great skill in

physic, who for two or three years past

had been settled in the town. It was

understood that this learned man was

the physician as well as friend of the

young minister, whose health had

severely suffered of late by his too un-

resected self sacrifice to the labors and

Tue governor, in advance of his

visitors, ascended one or two steps and,

browing open the leaves of the great

hall window, found himself close to

little Pearl. The shadow of the curtain

fell on Hester Prynne and partially con-

"What he've we here?" said Governor

Bellingham, looking with surprise at the

scarlet little figure before him. "I pro-

fess I have never seen the like since my

days of varity, in old King James

time, when I was wont to esteem it a

high favor to be admitted to a court

mask! There used to be a swarm of

these small apparitions in holiday time,

and we called them children of the Lord

into my hall?"

of Misrule. But how got such a guest

"Aye, inteed!" cried good old Mr. Wilson. "What little bird of scarlet plumage may this be? Methinks I have

seen just such figures, when the sun has

been shining through a richly painted

window and tracing out the golden and

crimson images across the floor. But

that was in the old land. Prithee, young

one, who art thou, and what has ailed

thy mother to bedizen thee in this

strange fashion? Art thou a Christian

child-ha? Dost know thy catechism?

Or art thou one of those naughty elfs or

fairies, whom we thought to have left

behind us, with other relics of Papistry.

"I am mother's child," answered the

"Pearly Ruby, rather, or Coral or

carlet vision, "and my name is Pearl."

Red Rose, at the very least, jndging from thy line," responded the old minister, putting forth his hand in a vain

attempt to put hade Pearl on the cheek.

I see " be arteled, soil turning to Gov-

woman and a worthy type of her of

Babylon. But she comes at a good

time, and we will look into this matter

Governor Bellingham stepped through

"Hester Prynne," said he, fixing his

naturally stern regard on the wearer of

the window into the hall, followed by

his three guests.

that where is this mother of thine? Ald

in merry old England?"

duties of the pastoral relation.

surround himself. * * *

Governor Bellingham, in a loose gown

England earth would offer him.

Pearl's shape.

than we find in the woods."

The old minister seated himself in an armchair and made an effort to draw ing her away. "Come and look into Pearl betwixt his knees. But the child. this fair garden. It may be we shall unaccustomed to the touch or familiarity see flowers there, more beautiful ones of any but her mother, escaped through the open window and stood on the upper step, looking like a wild tropical bird of dow at the farther end of the ball and rich plumage, ready to take flight into the upper air. Mr. Wilson, not a little carpeted with closely shaven grass and astonished at this outbreak-for he was a grandfatherly sort of personage, and snally a vast favorite with childrentor appeared already to have relinssayed, however, to proceed with the

> "Pearl," said he with great solemnity, thou must take heed to instruction, that so, in due season, thou mayest wear in thy bosom the pearl of great price. Carst thou tell me, my child, who made

examination.

Now Pearl knew well enough who made her; for Hester Prynne, the daughter of a pious home, very soon after her talk with the child about her Heavenly Father, had begun to inform her of those truths which the human spirit, at whatever stage of immaturity, imbibes with such eager interest. Pearl therefore, so large were the attainments of her three years' lifetime, could have borne a fair examination in the "New England Primer," or the first column of the Westninster catechisms, although unacquainted with the outward form of either of those celebrated works. But that perversity which all children have more or less of, and of which little Pearl had a tenfold portion now, at the most inopportune moment, took thorough possion of her and closed her lips, or impelled her to speak words amiss. After putting her finger in her mouth, with

many ungracious refusals to answer good Mr. Wilson's question, the child finally announced that she had not been made at all, but had been plucked by her mother off the bush of wild roses that grew by the prison door.

This fantasy was probably suggested by the near proximity of the governor's red roses as Pearl stood outside of the window, together with her recollection of the pink rosebush which she had passed in coming hither.

provements. The wide circumference of Old Roger Chillingworth, with a smile an elaborate ruff beneath his gray beard, on his face, whispered something in the in the antiquated fashion of King young clergyman's car. Hester Prynne James' reign, caused his head to look ooked at the man of skill, and even not a little like that of John the Baptist then, with her fate hanging in the balin a charger. The impression made by ance, was startled to perceive what a his aspect, so rigid and severe and frostchange had come over his features-how bitten with more than autumnal age, much uglier they were, how his dark complexion seemed to have grown dusk ances of worldly enjoyment wherewith ier and his figure more misshappenhe had evidently done his utmost to since the days when she had familiarly known him. She met his eyes for an Behind the governor and Mr. Wilson instant, but was immediately constrained to give all her attention to the scene nov Arthur Dimmesdale, whom the reader going forward.

"This is awful!" cried the governor slowly recovering from the astonish ment into which Pearl's response had thrown him. "Here is a child of three years old and she cannot tell who made her! Without question she is equally in the dark as to her soul-its present depravity and future destiny! Methinks, gentlemen, we need inquire no further.' Hester caught hold of Pearl and drew

her forcibly into her arms, confronting the old Puritan magistrate with almost a fierce expression. Alone in the world, cast off by it and with this sole treasure to keep her heart alive, she felt that she possessed in lefeasible rights against the world, and was ready to defend them to

"God gave me the child!" cried she. He gave her in requital of all things else, which we had taken from me. She is my happiness!-she is my torture, none the less! Pearl keeps me here in life! Pearl punishes me too! See ye not she is the scarlet letter, only capable of being loved, and so endowed with a million fold the power of retribution for my sin? Ye shall not take her! I will die first!"

"My poor woman," said the not unkind old minister, "the child shall be well cared for!-far better than thou

"God gave her into my keeping," repented Hester Prynne, raising her voice almost to a shrick. "I will not give her up!" And here, by a sudden impulse she turned to the young clergyman, Mr. Dimmesdale, at whom up to this moment she had seemed hardly so much as once to direct her eyes. "Speak thou for me!" cried she. "Thou wast my pastor and hadst charge of my soul and knowest me better than these men can. I will not lose the child! Speak for me! Thou knowest-for thou hast sympathies which these men lack! Thou knowest what is in my heart and what are a mother's rights, and how much the stronger they are when that mother has but her child and the scarlet letter! Look thon to it! I will not lose the child!

which indicated that Herter Prinne's situation last provoked her to little less then madness, the young minister at once came forward, pale, and holding his hand over his beart, as was his custom whenever his peculiarly nervous temperament was thrown into agitation. He looked as w more careworn and emaciated than as we described him at the scene of Hester's public ignominy; and whether it were his failing health, or whatever the cause might be, his large dark eyes had a world of pain in their troubled and melancholy depth.

"There is truth in what she says," be gan the minister with a voice sweet, tremulous but powerful, insomuch that the hall re-echoed and the hollow armor rung with it: "truth in what Hester says. and in the feeling which inspires her! God gave her the child, and gave her, too. an instinctive knowledge of its mature and requirements-both seemingly so peculiar-which no other mortal being can possess. And, moreover, is there not a quality of awful sacredness in the relation between this mother and this

"Aye!--- how is that, good Master Dim-mosdale?" intercupted the governor.

"Make that plain, I pray you?"
"It must be even so," resumed the minister. "For, if we deem it other-

"Nevertheless," said the mother calm- It was meant, doubtless, as the mother herself hath told us, for a retribution too; a torture to be felt at many an unthought of moment; a pang, a sting, an ever recurring agony, in the midst of a troubled joy! Hath she not expressed this thought in the garb of the poor child, so forcibly reminding us of that

red symbol which sears her bosom?" "Well said, again!" cried good Mr. Wilson, "I feared the woman had no better thought than to make a mountebank of her child."

"Oh, not so! not so!" continued Mr.

Dimmesdale. "She recognizes, believe

me, the solemn miracle which God hath wrought in the existence of that child. And may she feel, too-what, methinks, is the very truth-that this boon was meant, above all things else, to keep the mother's soul alive and to preserve her from blacker depths of sin into which satan might else have sought to plunge her. Therefore it is good for this poor, sinful woman that she hath an infant immortality, a being capable of eternal joy or sorrow, confided to her care, to be trained up by her to righteonsness: to remind her at every moment of her fall, but yet to teach her, as it were, by the Creator's sacred pledge, that if she bring the child to heaven the child also will bring its parent thither. Herein is the sinful mother happier than the sinful father. For Hester Prynne's sake, then, and no less for the poor child's sake, let us leave them as Providence hath seen fit to place them."

"You speak, my friend, with a strange earnestness," said old Roger Chillingworth, smiling at him.

"And there is a weighty import in what my young brother hath spoken." added the Reverend Mr. Wilson, "What say you, worshipful Master Bellingham? Hath he not pleaded well for the poor woman?

"Indeed, hath he," answered the magistrate, "and bath adduced such arguments that we will even leave the matter as it now stands: so long at least as there shall be no further scandal in the woman. Care must be had, nevertheless, to put the child to due and stated examination in the catechism, at thy hands or Master Dimmesdale's. Moreover, at a proper season, the tithing men must take heed that she go both to school and to meeting."

The young minister on ceasing to speak had withdrawn a few steps from the group, and stood with his face partially concealed in the heavy folds of the window curtain, while the shadow of his figure, which the sunlight cast upon the floor, was tremulous with the vehemence of his appeal. Pearl, that wild and flighty little elf, stole softly toward him. and taking his hand in the grasp of both

her own, laid her cheek against it, a caress so tender, and withal so unobtrusive, that her mother, who was looking on, asked herself, "Is that my Pearl?" Yet she knew that there was love in the child's heart, although it mostly revealed itself in passion and hardly twice in her lifetime had been softened by such gentleness as now. The minister -for save the long sought regards of woman nothing is sweeter than these marks of childish preference, accorded spontaneously by a spiritual instinct. and therefore seeming to imply in us something truly worthy to be lovedthe minister looked around, laid his hand on the child's head, hesitated an instant and then kissed her brow. Little Pearl's unwonted mood of sentiment lasted no longer; she laughed and went

Mr. Wilson raised a question whether even her tiptoes touched the floor. "The little baggage hath witchcraft in her, I profess," said he to Mr. Dimmesdale. "She needs no old woman's broomstick to fly withal!"

capering down the hall so airily that old

"A strange child!" remarked old Reger Chillingworth. "It is easy to see the mother's part in her. Would it be beyond a philosopher's research, think ye, gentlemen, to analyze that child's nature and, from its make and mold. to give a shrewd guess at the father?"

"Nay; it would be sinful in such a question to follow the clew of proface philosophy," said Mr. Wilson. "Better to fast and pray upon it, and still better, it may be, to leave the mystery as we for vice president. Mr. Harrison is ac find it, unless Providence reveal it of its own accord. Thereby every good Christian man bath a title to show a father's kindness toward the poor, de-

The affair being so satisfactorily con cluded. Hester Prynne, with Pearl, departed from the house. As they descended the steps it is averred that the lattice of a chamber window was thrown open, and forth into the sunny day was thrust the face of Mistress Hibbins, Governor Bellingham's bitter tempered sister, and the same who a few years later was executed as a witch.

"Hist, hist!" said she, while her il omened physiognomy seemed to cast a shadow over the cheerful newness of the house. "Wilt thou go with us tonight? There will be a merry company in the forest, and I well nigh promised the Black Man that comely Hester Prynne should make one."

"Make my excuse to him, so pleas you!" answered Hester, with a triumphant smile. "I must tarry at home and keep watch over my little Pearl. Had they taken her from me 1 would willingly have gone with thee into the forest and signed my name in the Black Man's book, soo, and that with mine own

"We shall have there about" said the witch hely, frowning, as she drew back her nead.

But here—if we suppose this interview betwixt Mistress Hibbins and Hester Pryune to be authentic and not a parable-was already an illustration of the young minister's argument against sundering the relation of a fallen mother to the offspring of her frailty. Even thus early had the child saved her from

[CONTINUED.]

Dr. Mackenzle's Kindness. Here is a story about Sir Morell Mac kenzie which gives a typical instance of

his kindness to nonpaying patients.

A wretched girl tried to commit sui-cide by drinking carbolic acid. She injured her throat fearfully, and in hospial came under the notice of Sir Moreli for a few weeks. She lingered on (being mortally jujured) for lifteen months and when lying dying in her miserable home longest and longed to see ther doctor' again. At last, persuaded by accentracties, I said I would go to Harley street and ask him if he would visit her, though I could not reasonably hope for

"Can I help her?" he asked.

Carnegie's Philanthropy. There is a vein of grim common sense in

Mr. Clarkson's comments upon the situation at Homestead. Mr. Clarkson recalls that Mr. Carnegie has written a great deal to the magazines and said a great deal more in public speeches about the responsibilities of wealth; he has now the opportunity to "sustain his reputation as a philanthropist" by being just if not generous to the men who have made his great fortune. For, as Mr. Clarkson observes, "the workmen must be right in their contentions. There has been no such convulsion in business as could possibly make necessary these great reductions in wages."

Mr. Clarkson may not be so well versed in economics and the iron trade as Mr. Carnegie, but at least he is a more consistent protectionist than the multimillionaire. Mr. Carnegie professes the tariff doctrine as the salvation of high wages for American workingmen, but refuses to divide the fruits of protection with his workingmen. Mr. Clarkson, who possibly still believes what Mr. Carnegie professes, wants the protected manufacturer to do the square thing by the "protected" workingman and so vindicate the protectionist propaganda. If Mr. Clarkson were himself a beneficiary of the tariff he might think otherwise. There are men in Homestead today who believe as Mr. Clarkson believes and are shedding their blood and the blood of others in the defense of their belief. The end will not be told before November. Meantime every bullet that is fired and every drop of blood that is shed will help to prove the wisdom of Mr. Clarkson's advice to Mr. Carnegie. - Chicago Herald.

Must Judge by the Record. Some of the Republicans who say that the force bill plank of the Minneapolis platform does not mean a force bill may be sincere in their belief, but the country must judge by the record. A similar declaration in the Republican platform of 1888 was followed by the force bill of the Reed congress, drawn by John I. Davenport, Harrison's New York agent, under the supervision of the Harrison administration. Its passage was strongly urged by Harrison in two of his mes sages, though in the campaign of 1888 no Republican would admit that the plank adopted at Chicago meant a force bill Now when a platform made in a convention controlled by Harrison's officeholders declares that they "will never relent" in their purpose, it is idle to say that they do not mean it, -St. Louis Republic

Promise and Fulfillment. Andrew Carnegie has been one of the pronounced howlers for "protection" in the Republican ranks. The McKinley bill gave it to him, but evidently not enough, as now he is preparing for protection of quite another kind-that of hosepipes, barriended walls, and so forth, brought into use and erected to protect him against the outraged workmen who according to Republican theory rather than practice, were expected to be protected equally with the owners by the system formulated at Washington. But Republican fulfillment does not always

Dropped Back Into Obscurity. President Harrison dropped the "pre-fessional lobbyist" whom he picked out for chairman of the Republican national committee. It will be as useless to pre tend that the Armours put a veto on his appointment as to claim for the presi dent that he has awakened to a sense of its indecency. He is managing his own compaign now, and he has discovered that Campbell will be a load to car since Vest's and Farwell's exposure of his record. So, without hesitation, he dropped him back into the obscurity from which he fished him out,-St. Louis Republic.

A Ticket of Weaknesses. The Republican party made the infamous force bill a part of its platform it nominated the champion of that meas ure for president, and, as if the Demo cratic cup of joy were not already over flowing, it nominated Whitelaw Reid knowledged to be weak in states which the Republicans must carry to win; but Whitelaw Reid is weak everywhere .-

The Force Bill Issue. There is no disposition to dodge the force bill issue in the Democracy. Let

Atchison Patriot.

it be fairly put before the people of the country and let them determine wheth they will have federal bayonets present at our elections, and whether they will renew that negro domination in the south which proved so injurious and : disgraceful ra the famous period of car pethag government,—New York Sun.

Reid's "Devotion" to Unionism. Instead of sending Chris Magee to set tle the Carnegie war the president should have commissioned Dr. Depew's 'candidate of the workingmen" for vice president to tell the Homestead pud-Hers about his devotion to labor unionism, and how it has brought him-or will do-his reward.-New York World

Pattl After Election? Mr. Clarkson thinks that Carnogic ought to be generous with his striking shoel workers at Homestead, Pa. "Generons!" asks Mr. Carnegie. "What does that mone?"—St. Louis Republic.

A High Average. If the troops had been called out for every labor conflict there would have been an average of five calls per week since the McKinley tariff began to raise wages.—Philadelphia Record.

It may be said of President Harrison's cabinet that it would be hard to change it without improving it.-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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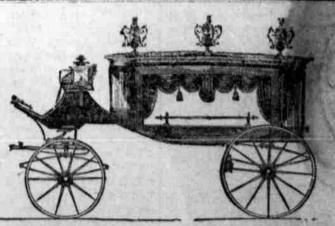
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